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PROCEEDINGS

OF THE

General Assembly of Pennsylvania

ON THE DEATH OF

BAYARD TAYLOR,

LATE MINISTER TO GERMANY.

HARRISBURG:

LANE S. HART, STATE PRINTER.

1879.

Pennsylvania. General assembly.

PROCEEDINGS

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PROCEEDINGS
OF THE
GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

The clerk of the House of Representatives being introduced, presented the following extract from the Journal of the House of Representatives, which was read as follows, viz:

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,
FRIDAY, *January 24*, 1879.

Mr. McCACHRAN offered a resolution; which was twice read, as follows:

Resolved, That a committee of three be appointed on the part of this House, to meet a similar committee of the Senate, (if such committee should be appointed,) to draft joint resolutions commemorative of the high character and scholarly attainments and pure life of the late BAYARD TAYLOR.

The question being,
Will the House agree to the resolution?

It was agreed to.

Ordered, That Messrs. McCACHRAN, E. W. DAVIS,
and MATLACK be the committee on the part of the House.

(RECAP)
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January 28.

The Senate concurred in the above resolution,

And subsequently President *pro tem.* announced on the part of the Senate, Messrs. EVERHART, GAZZAM, and HALL, as committee.

Mr. EVERHART, from the committee appointed to draft resolutions, made report, which was read, as follows:

To the Senate and House of Representatives:

The undersigned committee, appointed January 24th, 1879, by both Houses to prepare joint resolutions commemorative of the character of the late BAYARD TAYLOR, respectfully submit the following.

J. B. EVERHART, *Chairman,*

J. M. GAZZAM,

JNO. G. HALL,

Senate Committee.

ROBERT McCACHRAN,

E. W. DAVIS,

JESSE MATLACK,

House Committee.

WHEREAS, In his last annual message Governor HARTRANFT announced the demise of BAYARD TAYLOR, a citizen of Pennsylvania, representing the United States at the court of the German Empire;

And whereas, This Commonwealth, while sharing

the common loss, cannot but feel more than an ordinary interest in the occasion; therefore,

By the Senate and House of Representatives of Pennsylvania, resolved, That the universal esteem in which BAYARD TAYLOR was held as a traveler, scholar, author, and diplomatist, is a source of grateful consideration on the termination of his career.

Resolved, That he was possessed of such various virtues and rare abilities; was so eminent and estimable for his accomplishments and usefulness; manifested a character so wise in its energy, consistent in its course, and splendid in its culmination; so enriched our literature, honored the official service, and reflected such luster on his native State, that his death, in the prime of his powers, and in the midst of his duties, invokes our especial recognition and regret.

Resolved, That these proceedings be spread at large upon the Journals of both Houses of the Legislature, and that a copy of the same be sent to the President of the United States and a copy to Mrs. BAYARD TAYLOR.

Remarks of Mr. Everhart on the Resolutions.

Mr. EVERHART. Mr. President, in presenting these resolutions it may not be improper for me to add that Mr. TAYLOR was one of my constituents. I knew him very well and for many years. He was born in Kennett Square, Chester county, about half a century ago, near one of the most important battle fields of the Revolutionary war :—

“Where beautifully flows the Brandywine,
On and forever from dawn to decline—
Under the bridges and arches of trees,
Gilding the landscape and cooling the breeze,
Parting the pastures and swelling their stores,
Flowering, perfuming the sinuous shores,
Glassing the squirrel disporting above,
Sweetening the tanager's carol of love—
With dreamers in quest of the Muses' shrine,
In the haunted dells of the Brandywine.”

There, in a pleasant district, in the midst of cultivated people, his blameless and ambitious boyhood forecast the meritorious man. With a high purpose, correct principles, and exceptional gifts, he passed through all the tests and lures and straits of life untainted and unharmed. His industry seemed like an impulsive instinct or an obligation of conscience. It was not spasmodic or erratic or aimless or misdirected, but discriminating and constant. It was more service-

able than friends or funds, and insured them both. It made him prompt to seize occasions, and meet emergencies. It exceeded his necessities, and increased with his success. It made his volumes valuable, and outnumber his matured years. He traveled and girdled the globe with his journeys. He viewed nearly "all places that the eye of heaven visits," regions grim with perpetual rock, or ice, or sea, or sand; or attractive with arable areas, or a wilderness of floral bloom, or forest shade; nature in all her contrasts of motion, forms, and colors, growth and waste; and her phenomena from the arctic twilight to the torrid noon, through all the seasons and through all the zones.

But he was no less a devotee of books, those stores of quaint and current learning, those sweet friends of scholars, those arsenals of genius, those silent oracles of thought which mould the character of persons, States, and eras. He was fond of art—the delicious trophies of the chisel and the pencil which multiply and perpetuate the changing phase of beauty, and decorate the porches and temples, the Valhallas and Vaticans, with the immortal counterfeits of nature.

He cultivated language which opened new sources of intelligence and new fields for energy. His efficient rendering of *Faust* shows his thoroughness in German, while his facility in divers tongues amazed those who heard him in their native speech, as in some sort they

were amazed who heard the Apostles on the day of Pentecost. But his labors are manifested in his productions. They allure the imagination after his wandering steps as if fragrant, like those of Venus, who left behind her a trail of flowers:—over that middle, tideless sea, bordered with continents and gemmed with islands, amidst once worshiped elements and glorious cities and storied coasts—by altars of love and fountains of song, and monuments of genius, and cradles of religion from Jupiter to Jesus; over the solemn, glowing waste, where Hagar's seed still camp beneath their camel skins and wave the hostile hand, and where the Howadjis on their pilgrimage carol, as they plod their dreary way, the holy verses of the Koran or the Kaaba; along the alluvial shores where the lotos blooms and the Apis reigned—where every temple was like a city, and every city like an empire—and whose wondrous ruins still seem to echo the vaunt of Osymandias, "I am king of kings, and who would exceed my fame, let him surpass my works;" over the strange and fable-ridden region of the farthest East, with its white elephants and pagodas and its pomp of silken fleece and jewel craft; amidst the swarming multitudes and unvarying customs of the flowery realm of old Cathay; through those curious mediæval towns, with their grand cathedral towers, where the old masters carved and painted, and the great com-

posers swelled the litanies with their incomparable music; over the vine-clad slopes of Grenada, rife with the reminiscences and relics of Moorish chivalry and taste; along the glittering gulches of the Pacific sierras; among the snow-clad hills of the polar north, where they sang of Thor and Odin, and where the Vikings unfurled their icy sails for voyages of booty and adventure.

And then how easily he leads us, as it were, through the ivory gate of dreams, into the ideal land, into the world of airy forms, through galleries of graces and vistas of delight, amidst vivid pictures and obvious passions, instructive fancies and attractive shows—all harmonious as reality.

What facility, tenderness, and sweetness, what spirit and fitness, what splendor and wisdom in his verse! His Muse may not indeed, with exulting strength, soar upwards with the mightier Bards, to the "highest heaven of invention;" but sweeping along with easy wing and inspiring breath, over various featured nature, she transmutes the voiceless landscape and the latent thought into imperishable song. How exquisite his Idyls of the fields! How enkindling his heroic strains! What melting pity in his tones of grief! What rhythmic grandeur rolls along his lines!

And what vigor, clearness, and simplicity in his prose. Nothing superfluous or incongruous or insipid,

not weakened by cant, or blurred by vice, or wasted on subtleties, but rich in matter as the waters that abound in pearls.

Thus his labors, by their scope and finish, by their diversity, tone, and freshness, have won unusual favor. They have supplied the place of reckless publications, and fostered a worthier taste. They have inspired sentiments of toleration, faith in energy, freedom in thought, hope in progress. They have been an unfailing source of edification and entertainment; they have solaced many weary hours, and idle lives, and restless spirits; they have given an example to the adventurous, and a model to the studious; they have discussed many topics, the associations of scenery, aesthetic charms, the moral of events, the mystery of the affections, the philosophy of motives, the fashions of race, the civilization of epochs, the apotheosis of virtues.

His labors familiar to two continents, and to many languages, tinged by his own personality, are recommended by it.

He was a gentleman in heart and bearing, a genius without proverbial eccentricities or contrasts; learned, without pedantry; flattered, without egotism; appreciative, catholic, and generous in his views; close as a brother in his attachments; just as an arbiter in criticism; grateful, but not resentful; persistent against difficulties, but not obstinate in error; aspiring to dis-

tion, but not vain of success; betraying no envy, and exciting none. With teeming recollections and honest courtesies, trusting, reciprocal, congenial, his very presence was an inspiration. The friend of Freilingrath, Humboldt and Thackeray—whom Whittier “so loved,” whom Longfellow compared to his own ideal prince, whom Powers spoke of as “almost an angel,” whom the nation honored with high responsibility and trust.

But, alas! the ovations which greeted this distinction were but the heralds of his obsequies. His civic laurels have become his burial wreath, and admiration is emphasized with sorrow. Few dead have had such mourners. People and poets, philosophers and kings have contributed their tears. And yet no favored birth or fortune blessed his opportunities or aided his condition. Not his, the glamour of abounding wealth displayed in charities or taste. Not his, the éclat won by the soldier's peril in the stress of battle. Not his, the impulsive approbation of the crowd, moved by flattered vanity or pride.

None of these things formed his fame, or magnify his loss. They rest upon other causes. It is the absence of that unwearied spirit which shed its intellectual stores profusely as the oriental chief his diamonds. It is the silence of those golden strings, which, like David's, might calm the troubled passions with

their melody. It is the unawakening trance of those precious properties which imbued his manhood with fascinations. It is his works and worth and fatal zeal which claim our gratitude and grief, and will embalm his memory in the human heart forever.

Resolution of Publication.

The question being,
Will the Senate agree to the report?

It was agreed to.

Mr. COOPER. I offer the following resolution in connection with the report.

The resolution was read, as follows :

Resolved, (if the House concur,) That in connection with the report, one thousand five hundred copies of the remarks of the Senator from Chester [Mr. EVERHART] be printed in pamphlet form, five hundred for the use of the Senate and one thousand for the use of the House.

The resolution was read a second time.

Mr. MCNEILL. I move that the number be increased to two thousand five hundred.

Mr. COOPER. The resolution should also be amended by sending a copy of the same to the President and one to the family.

The question being,

Will the Senate agree to the amendment?

It was agreed to.

The question being,

Will the Senate agree to the resolution, as amended?

It was agreed to.

Report of Committee of Senate and House of Representatives, appointed to attend the Funeral of Mr. Taylor.

IN THE SENATE, *May 8, 1879.*

To the Honorable the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania:

The committee appointed by your honorable bodies to represent the Commonwealth at the funeral of the Honorable BAYARD TAYLOR, the late Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of the United States of America at Berlin, Germany, beg leave to present the following report.

Your committee, accompanied by Mr. Graves, the Sergeant-at-Arms of the Senate, proceeded on Friday, March 14, to Philadelphia, and escorted the body of our distinguished fellow-citizen a part of the way to Kennett Square, in Chester county, whither it was carried for interment.

On Saturday the committee, who had been joined by His Excellency Governor Hoyt, proceeded in a special car to Kennett. The town had been placed in mourning,

the flags were draped and were at half mast. The town hall and stores, which now occupy the site of Mr. TAYLOR'S birth-place, were hung with black, and there was a general cessation of business and closing of stores, out of respect for the distinguished dead. Your committee were conveyed to "Cedarcroft," the late residence of Mr. TAYLOR, where a large number of his relatives, neighbors, and particular friends from Philadelphia, New York, and other places had assembled. The casket, containing the body, was placed in the library, the favorite room of the dead Minister, and was covered with wreaths of evergreens and flowers, some of which had been laid there by his German friends and admirers in Berlin. To these were added floral tributes from Delaware, Philadelphia, New York, and his own much loved native county. Seated near the casket were his widow and daughter, his aged parents, and other relatives, with the pall bearers, who had accompanied the body from New York.

The religious services at the house were conducted by the Reverend William H. Furness, D. D., of Philadelphia, a warm personal friend of the deceased. They were deeply impressive and affecting. Doctor Franklin Taylor, a cousin of the deceased, followed in a touching tribute to his memory.

The casket, preceded by his Excellency the Governor, the Legislative committee, and the pall-bearers,

the relatives and friends following, was then borne to Longwood Cemetery. So great was the crowd of people who had assembled to do honor to the distinguished dead, that it was found impossible to enter the meeting-house, and hence the closing exercises were performed in the cemetery. At the grave, Doctor Furness delivered another address of great power, and yet of tender sweetness, while the committal service of the Protestant Episcopal Church was read by the Reverend Horatio Nelson Powers, D. D., of Bridgeport, Conn.

A brother poet and life-long friend, Mr. Edmund C. Stedman, of New York, followed in a closing address, bearing testimony to the many excellent traits of character exhibited by Mr. Taylor, and to his unswerving belief in the great doctrine of the immortality of the soul. An ode written expressly for the occasion was then sung by a choir of ladies and gentlemen representing Kennett, Chester, Wilmington, and West Chester.

The benediction was pronounced by Doctor Furness, and there, amid the flowers and trees of home, the home of his childhood, which in youth he loved so well, repose till the resurrection morn the mortal remains of Bayard Taylor.

We close this report in the beautiful lines, slightly altered, of a brother Pennsylvania poet, the late T. Buchanan Read :

"The great are falling from us, to the dust;
 Our flag droops midway, full of many sighs;
 A nation's glory and a people's trust
 Lie in the ample pall, where TAYLOR lies.

 The great are falling from us, one by one,
 As fall the patriarchs of the forest trees;
 The winds shall seek them vainly, and the sun
 Gaze on each vacant space for centuries."

All of which is respectfully submitted by

HORATIO GATES JONES,
 JOSEPH M. GAZZAM,
 THOMAS B. SCHNATTERLY,
Senate Committee.

J. M. HACKETT,
 SAMUEL BUTLER,
 JOHN H. LANDIS,
 ERNEST NAKEL,
 ROBERT McCACHRAN,
Committee of House of Representatives.

Laid on the table.

On motion of Mr. Cooper,

Ordered, That the foregoing report be printed with
 the oration of Mr. Everhart.

Extract from the Journal.

THOMAS B. COCHRAN,
Chief Clerk of Senate.



